THE SINGLE

SONGS,

With the

DIALOGUE,

Sung in the

New OPERA,

Call'd

BRUTUS of ALBA:

OR,

Auguſta's Triumph.

Compos'd by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

LONDON,

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SONGS

DIALOGUE.

NOVELTIES.

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TO

Richard Norton,
AND
Anthony Henley,
Esquires.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU having been pleas'd to be my first Encouragers at coming to Town, and since that to continue your Favours to me; I thought it my Duty (as it is my Ambition) to present this part of the Performance to your Acceptance, as the best Recommendation of it to the Town, and further Encouragement to the Endeavours of

Your Most Obliged,

and Humble Servant,

Dan. Purcell.

TO

Richard Norton,

AND

Anthony Henley,

Esquires.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU having been pleased to be my Self-Encouragers at coming to Town, and since that to continue your Favours to me; I thought it my Duty (as it is my Ambition) to present this Part of the Performance to your Acceptance, as the best Recommendation of it to the Town, and further Encouragement to the Endeavours of

Your Most Obliged

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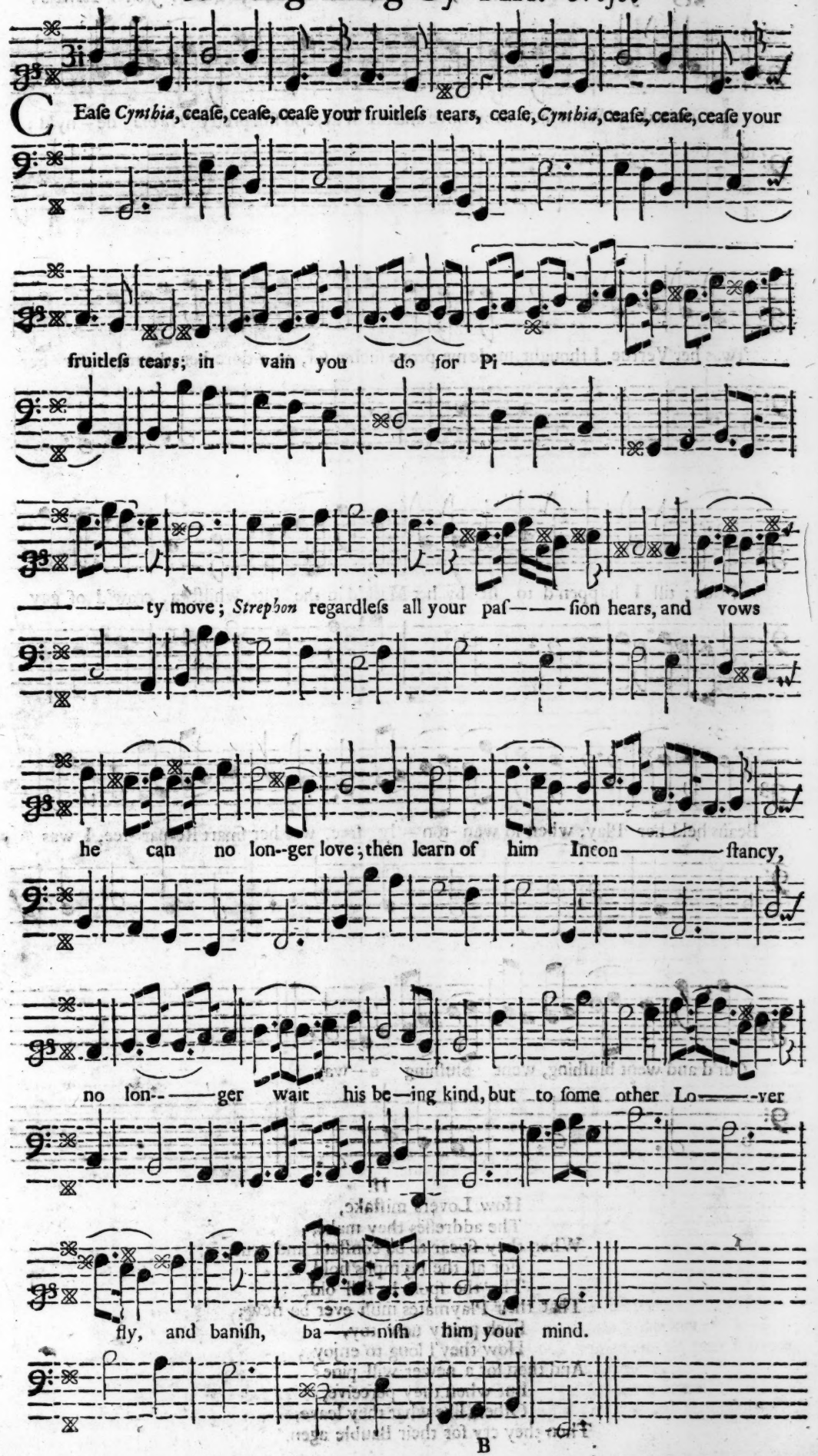
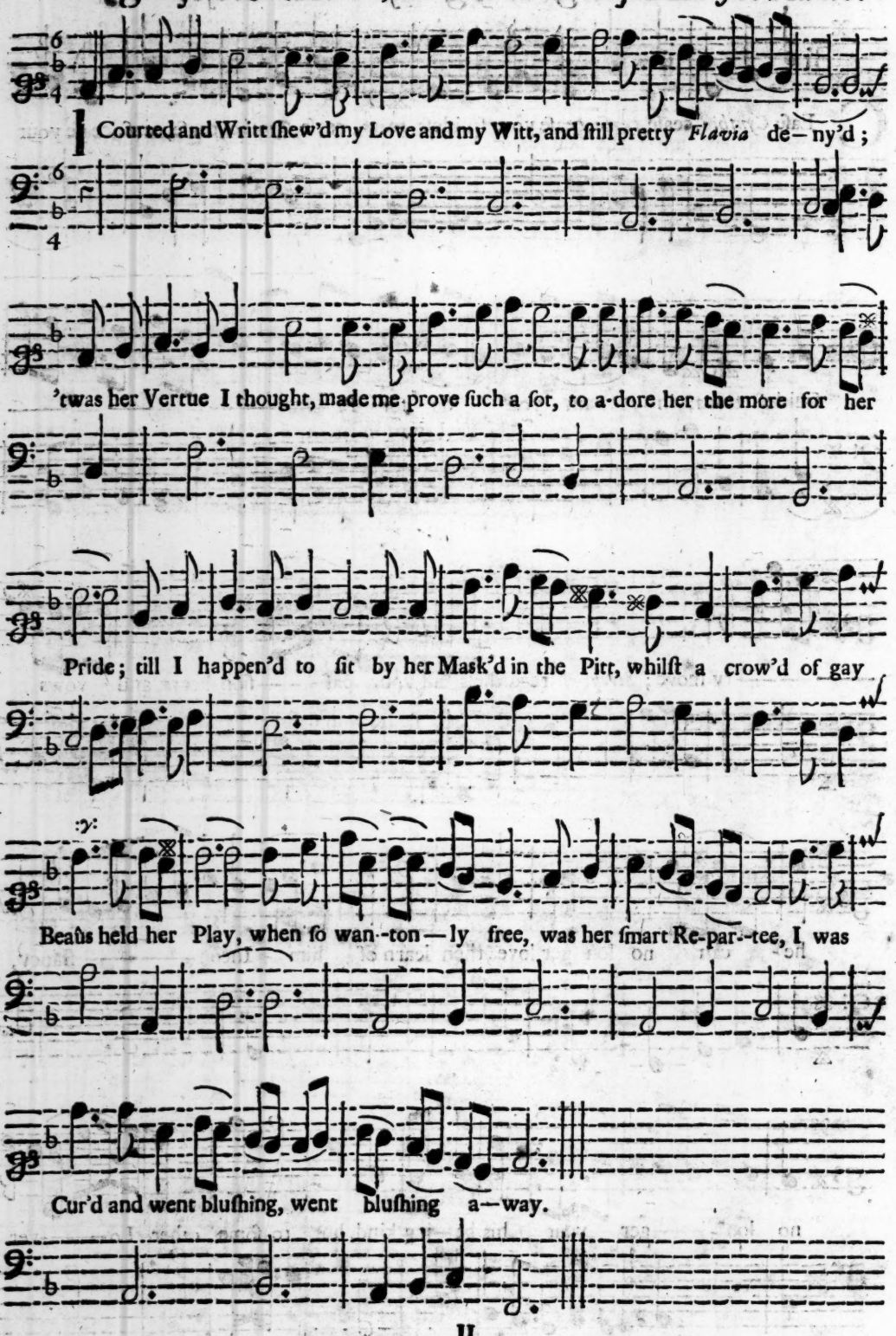
A Song Sung by Mrs. *Croſs.*



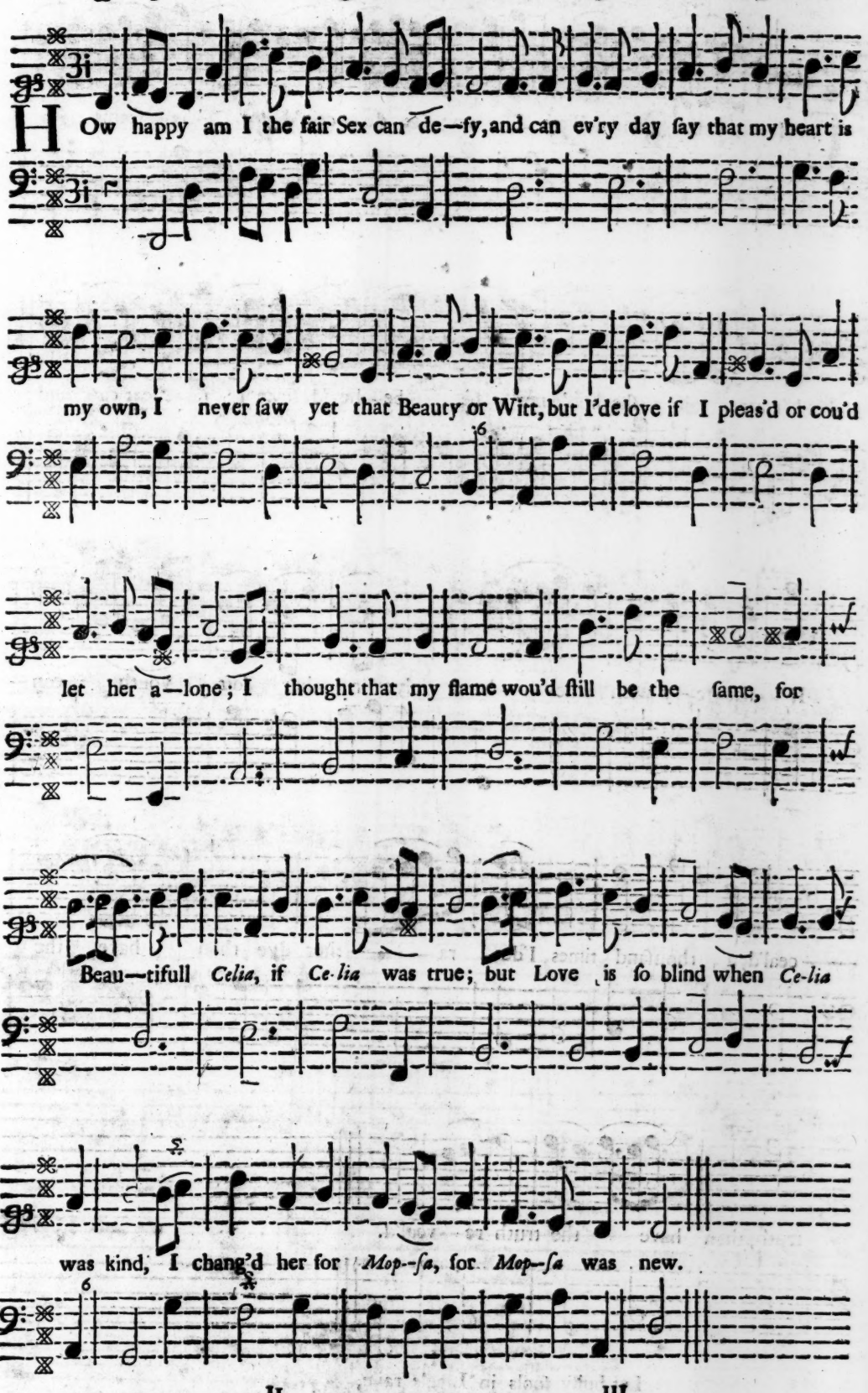
Sung by Mr. *Church*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes*.



II.

How Lovers miſtake,
The addreſſes they make,
When they ſwear to be conſtant and true,
For all the Nymphs hold,
Tho' the ſport be ſtill old,
That their Playmates muſt ever be new;
Each pretty new toy,
How they'l long to enjoy;
And then for a newer will pine?
But when they perceive,
Others like what they leave,
Then they cry for their Bauble agen.

Sung by Mr. *Leverige*, the Words by Mr. *Jo. Hanes*.



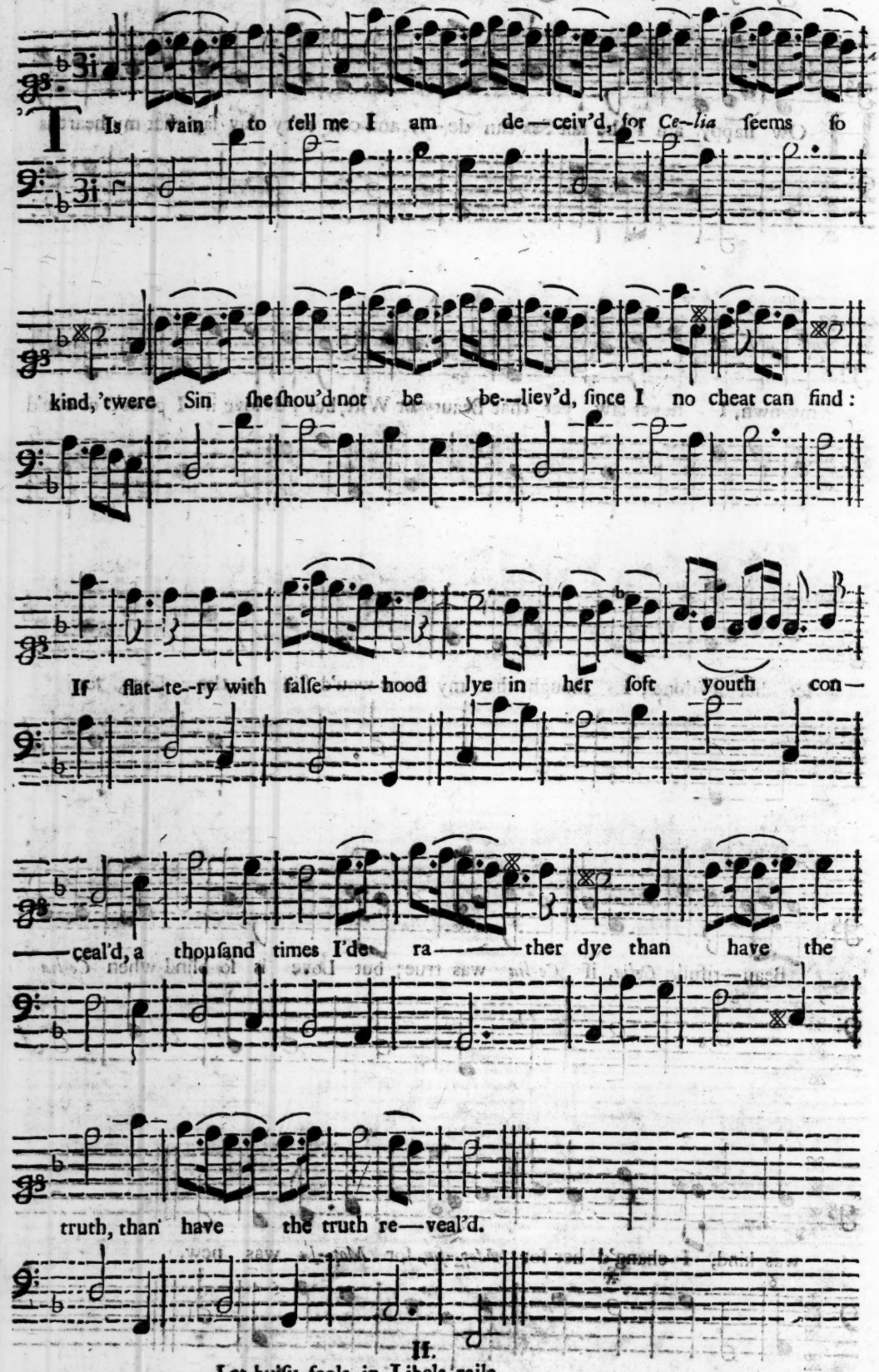
II.

Then *Phillida's* Charms,
Forc't her from my Arms;
But when *Phillida* wou'd not grant my deſire,
I preſently kneel'd,
To the next that wou'd yeild,
To quench my old flame I made a new fire.

III.

Now is it not fair,
That my faults I declare;
Then Ladies be't known to all you I adore,
Since I muſt deceive,
Take you the ſame leave,
The Devil's in't if you can ask any more.

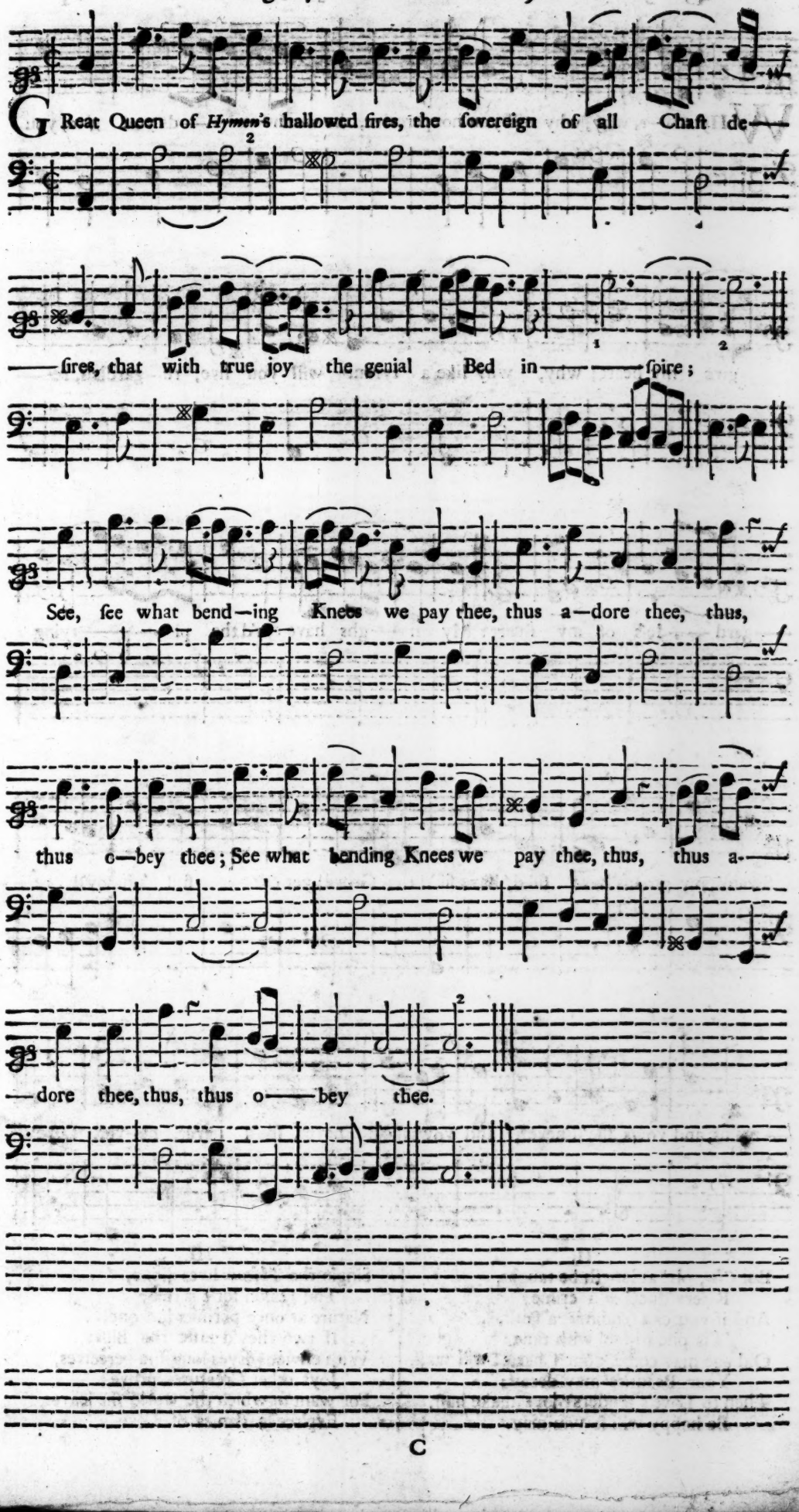
A Song Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*



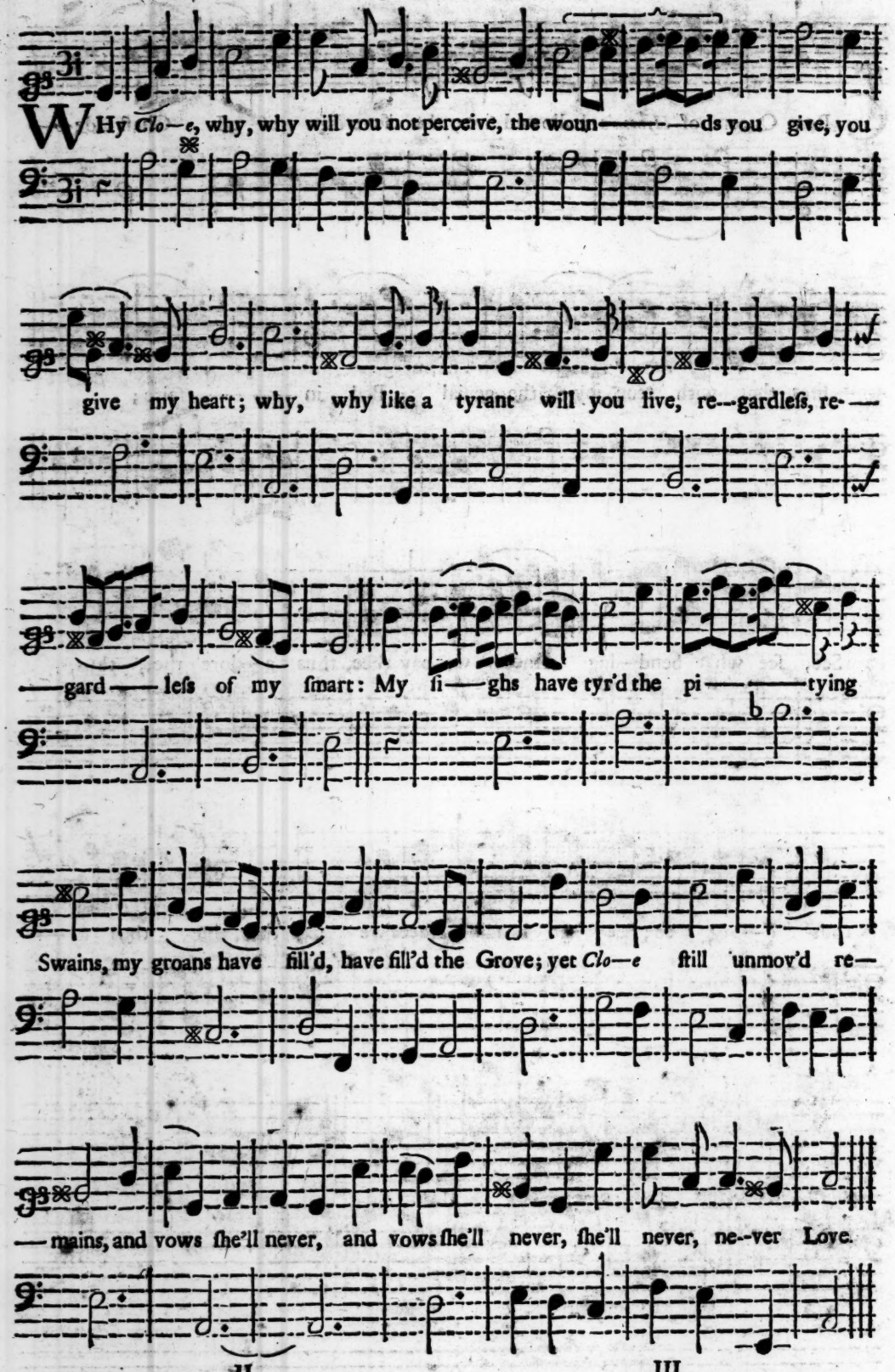
II.

Let buſſy fools in Libels raile,
Their malice I'le out-brave;
On me no ſcandal ſhall prevail,
So ſhe th' appearance ſave:
For if I think I have her Heart,
My own for hers is due;
Let her but act the tender part,
I'le think the joy is true.

Sung by Mrs. *Willis* in the 3*d*. Act.



Sung by Mr. *Church*, Words by *John Robens*, Esq.

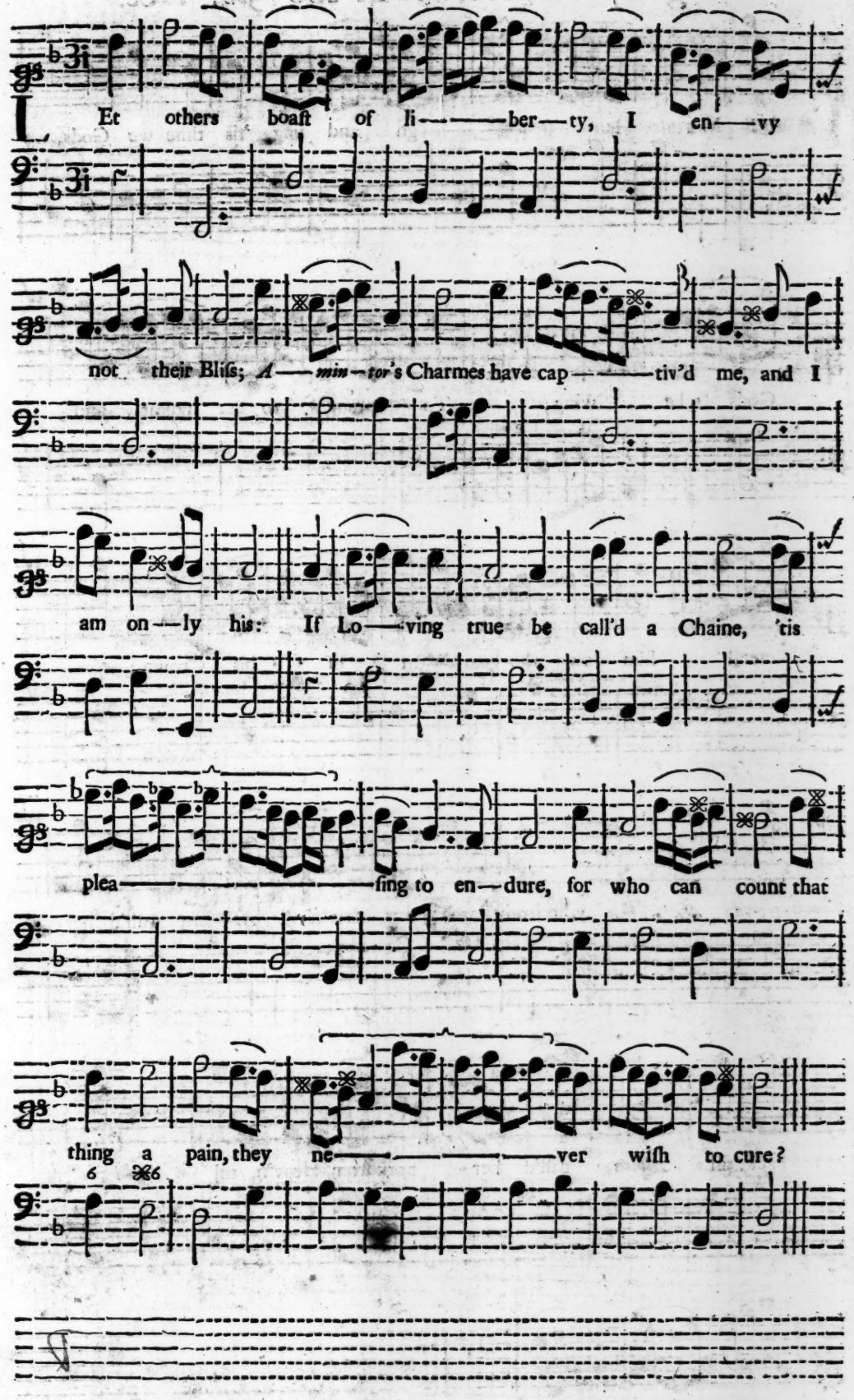


II.

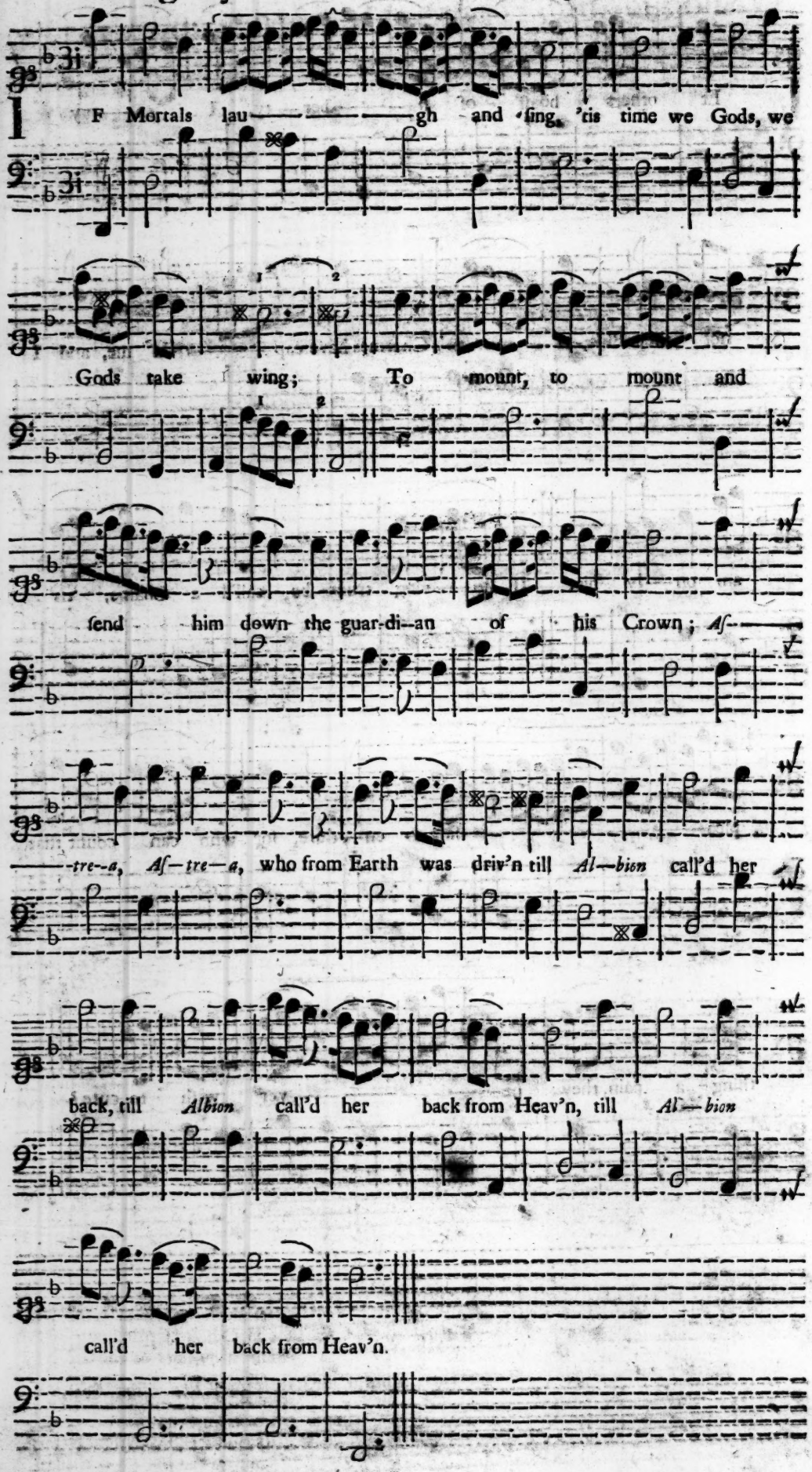
But *Cloe*, oh! at length be taught,
Reſerv'dneſs is a crime;
And if you can commit a fault,
'Tis one to fool with time:
Old age may come, your Charms will waſt,
Your Beauties may decay;
Then to Love's tenders't joys make haſt,
Be happy whilſt you may.

III.

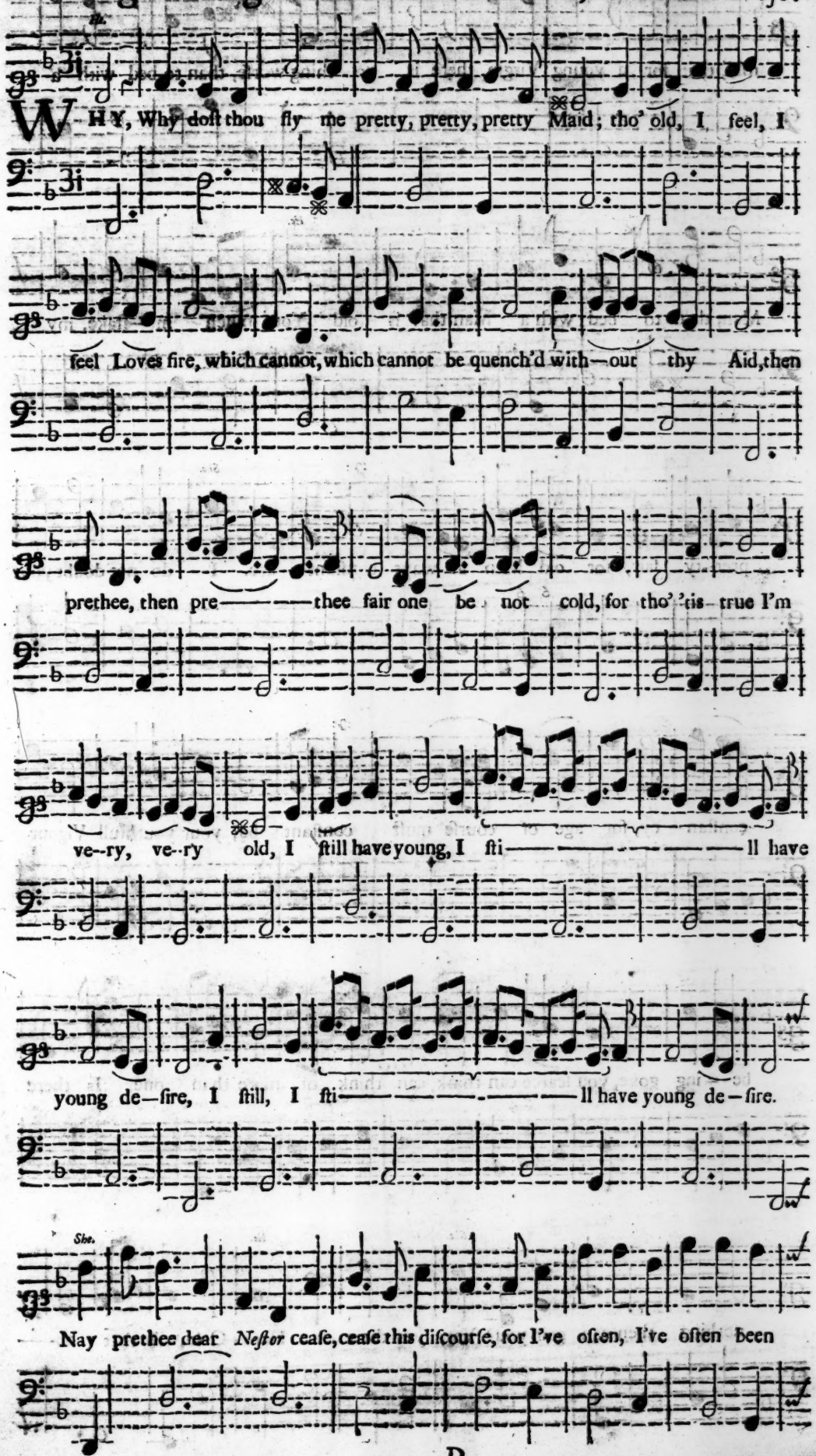
Single the *Phœnix* lives alone,
The reaſon for't is this;
Nature at once permits but one,
If two they'd taſte the Bliſs:
With envious Eyes long ſhe perceives,
Joys other Creatures prove;
For want of which the world ſhe leaves,
Expires in flames of Love.

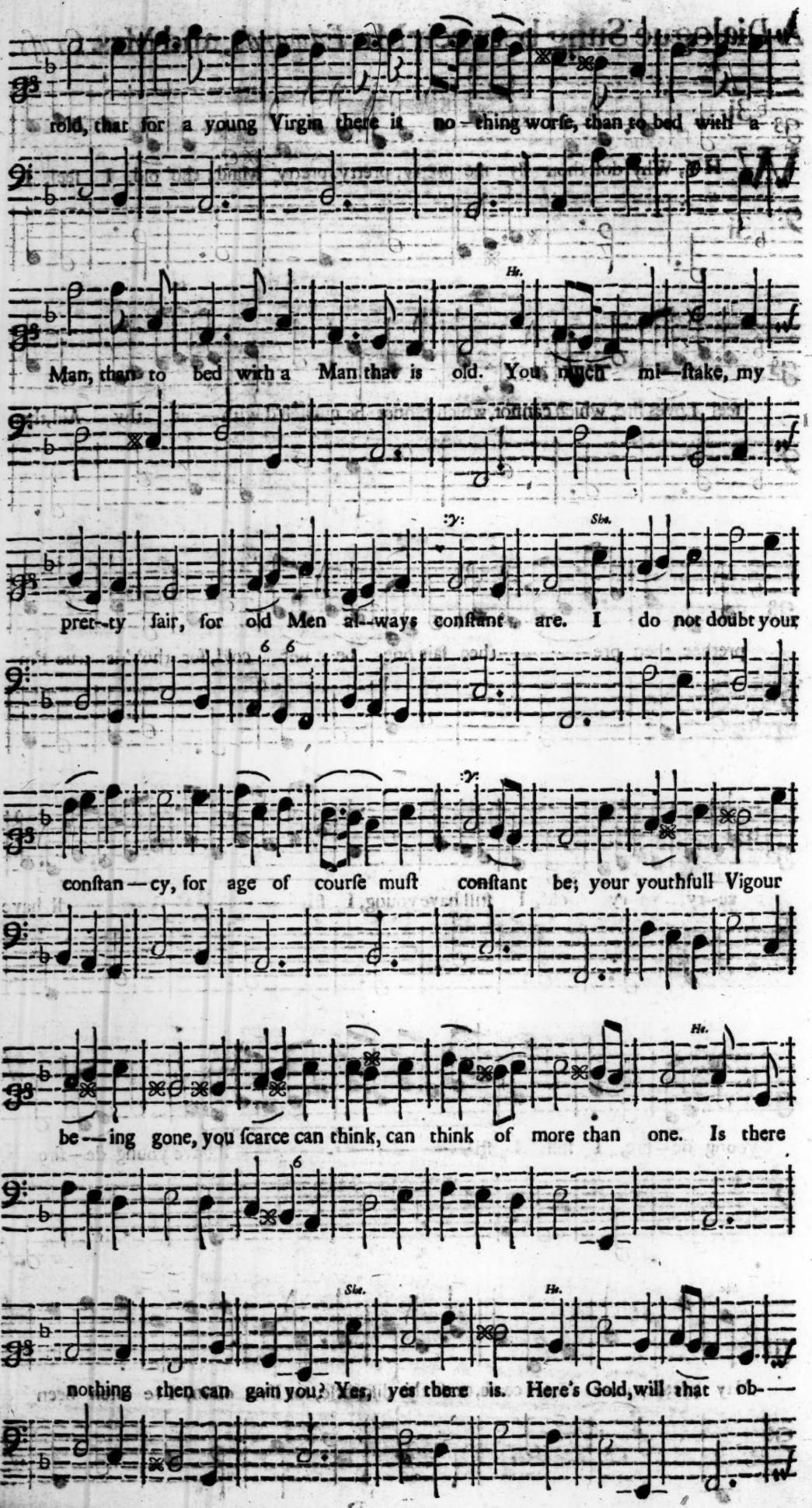

Et others boaſt of li——ber—ty, I en—vy
not their Bliſs; A——min—tor's Charmes have cap——tiv'd me, and I
am on—ly his: If Lo—ving true be call'd a Chaine, 'tis
plea——ſing to en—dure, for who can count that
thing a pain, they ne——ver wiſh to cure?

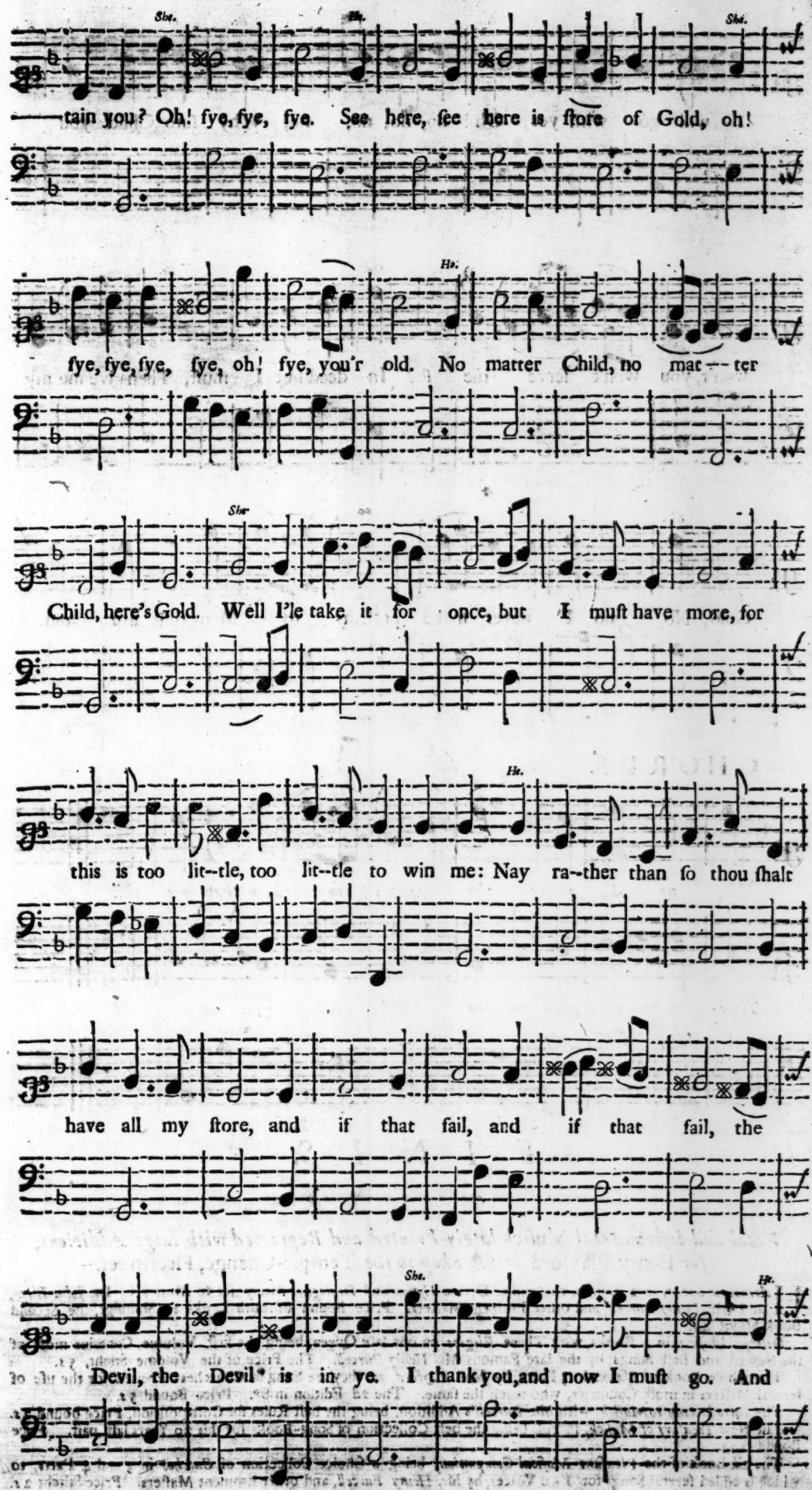
Sung by Mr. *Freeman* in the 5*th*. Act.

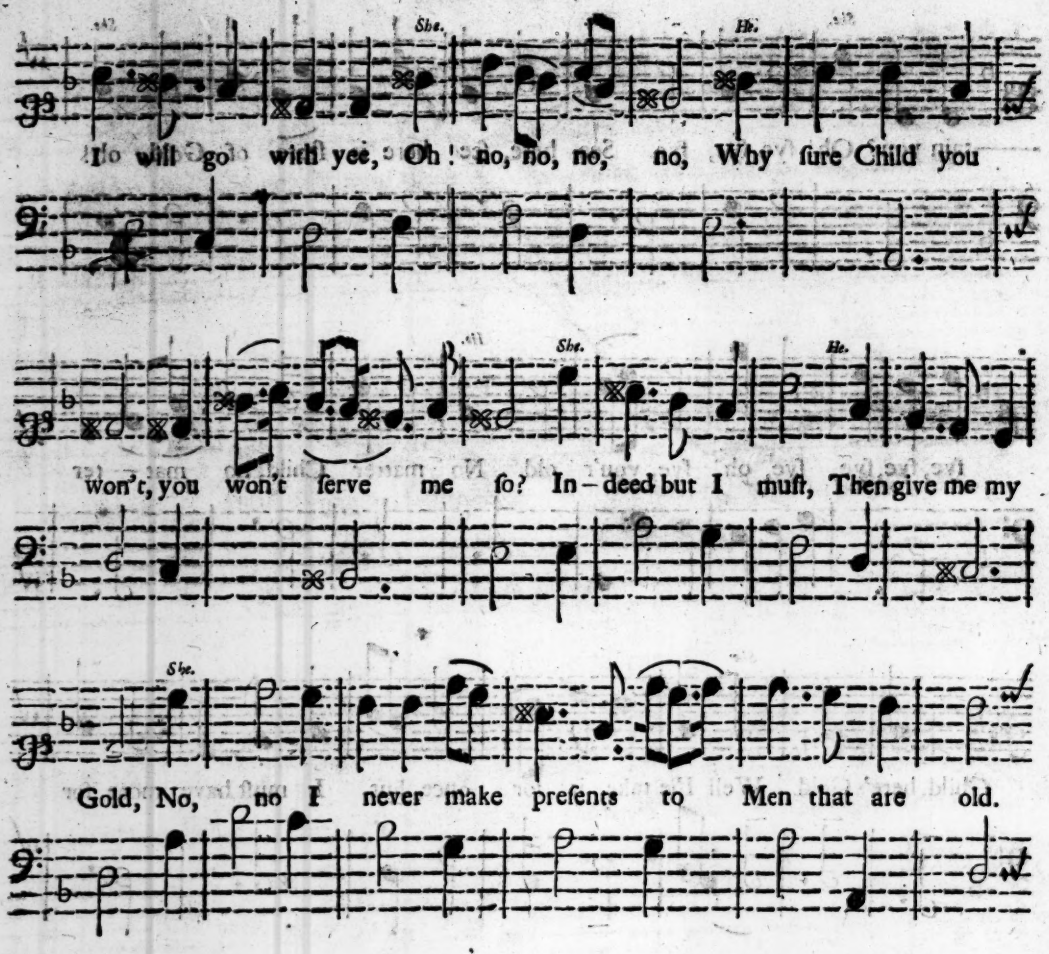


A Dialogue Sung between Mr. *Edwards*, and Mrs. *Croſs*.

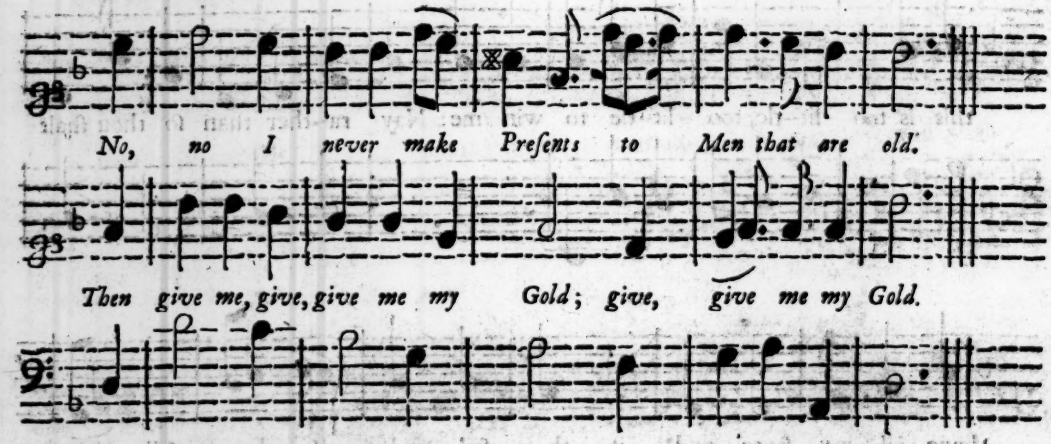



told, that for a young Virgin there is no-thing worſe, than to bed with a-
Man, than to bed with a Man that is old. You much mi-ſtake, my
pret-ty fair, for old Men al-ways conſtant are. I do not doubt your
conſtan-cy, for age of courſe muſt conſtant be; your youthfull Vigour
be-ing gone, you ſcarce can think, can think of more than one. Is there
nothing then can gain you? Yes, yes there is. Here's Gold, will that ob-


Shr.
He.
Shr.
——tain you? Oh! fye, fye, fye. See here, ſee here is ſtore of Gold, oh!
He.
fye, fye, fye, fye, oh! fye, you'r old. No matter Child, no mat--ter
Shr
Child, here's Gold. Well I'le take it for once, but I muſt have more, for
He.
this is too lit--tle, too lit--tle to win me: Nay ra--ther than ſo thou ſhalt
have all my ſtore, and if that fail, and if that fail, the
She.
He.
Devil, the Devil is in ye. I thank you, and now I muſt go. And



CHORUS.



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